

SCROOGE MONOLOGUES

Monologue 1

What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you, but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books; and having every item in 'em through a dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Monologue 2

Spirit, this is a fearful place. You want me to remove the cover from this poor man's face, and I would do it if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power. Spirit, I see! This case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death, show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you! Let me see some tenderness connected with a death. Or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me.

FRED MONOLOGUE

Monologue 1

(Speaking to his uncle. Thoughtfully and waxing poetic as he talks about Christmas. He speaks warmly and forcefully from his heart.) There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say. Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it! Fred, Scrooge's Nephew (male)

Monologue 2

(Speaking to his wife and guests about his uncle) I was only going to say that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure we are more pleasant companions than he can find in his own thoughts, in his moldy old office, or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it -- I defy him -- if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, "Uncle Scrooge, how are you, won't you come and dine with us?" He has given us plenty of merriment, and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand now; and I say, "Uncle Scrooge!"

CHARITY/TOWNSPERSON PERSON

Monologue 1

At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and destitute who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir. And because the support systems in place are severely tasked to furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?

Monologue 2

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. He had no further interaction with Spirits, and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us!

MARLEY'S GHOST

Monologue 1

It is required of every man's spirit. They must travel the world far and wide. And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. Doomed to wander the world and witness the pain and suffering that it cannot share but might have shared on earth and turned to happiness! I wear the chains I forged in life. I made it, link by link and yard by yard. I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you? The weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself was as long as this seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!

Monologue 2

(Wringing his hands) Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. Now of the rolling year, I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star, which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me? Hear me! My time is nearly gone. I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.

FEZZIWIG AND OLD JOE

Mr. Fezziwig (Scrooge's former employer)

(Laughing and looking at his pocket watch and rubbing his hands together.) Here it is Christmas Eve and here we are still sitting at our desks! That will never do. Come Ebenezer, come Dick, it's time to forget all about work and have some fun. Let's have the shutters up (Clapping his hands sharply) before a man can say Jack Robinson! Hilli-ho! (With wonderful agility) Mr. Marley, join me in a glass of punch (hands Jacob a tankard). Alright, everyone, clear the floor – bring on the fiddler and the food and the punch – come now where is my wife and daughters – let us celebrate! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!

Old Joe (a dealer of stolen goods)

(Holding up a sheet) What do you call this, bed curtains? You don't mean to say you took them down, rings and all, with him lying there? I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh? (Holding up Scrooge's shirt) Well, I won't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Oh well, there you go, then. I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself.

YOUNG CHARACTERS

Fan

Ebenezer! I have come to take you home! Yes! Home for ever and ever. Father is much kinder than he used to be. Home has become like heaven! He spoke so gently to me last night that I was not afraid to ask him again if you might come home. He said yes. You are never to return here! We're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world!

Boy Scrooge

I must stay at school over the holiday. My father prefers me to stay at school. But I will have this book to keep me company. There's the parrot! Green body and yellow tail with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head. There he is! Poor Robin Crusoe. Where have you been, Robin Crusoe?" Poor boy. (Boy Scrooge lapses into tears once again.) I wish I could go home— but it is too late now.

Tiny Tim

Merry Christmas, Father! Wait until you see the goose! It's the finest goose we've ever had. And the pudding! Oh, the pudding. It will be the finest pudding. And the finest goose. And ours will be the finest Christmas! We have been working hard all day, Father. And I've been helping. I am not tired. Not one single bit. Merry Christmas!!! God Bless Us, Everyone!

EMILY/GHOSTS

Emily

If for a moment you were false enough to yourself that you would choose a dowerless girl, you, who weigh everything by gain, would you regret the decision you made? I think you would, and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were.... You may have pain in this – for a very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream from which you happily awoke. I may have hurt you for the moment, but in time you will see my love provides you with no gold, and you will be glad to cut your losses. May you be happy on the path you have chosen.

Christmas Past

I am the ghost of Christmas past. Rise and walk with me! Bear but a touch of my hand, there, and you shall be upheld in more than this. Recognize you this place – the open country road with fields on either side? I see your lip is trembling and what is that upon your cheek? These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us.

Christmas Present

I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.

BOB CRATCHITT MONOLOGUE

Monologue 1

Tiny Tim was as good as gold... and much better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made the lame beggars walk and the blind to see. You know, my dear, I think Tim grows stronger. I think he does. Don't you?

Monologue 2

Yes, my dear. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! My little child! (With an effort, Bob clears his throat and composes himself.) I met Mr. Scrooge's nephew in the street today. And he was so extraordinarily kind, for he said I looked a little down, and when I told him, he told me, "I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit, and heartily sorry for your good wife." By the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know.

MRS. CRATCHIT/ MRS. FEZZIWIG

Mrs. Cratchit

(speaking to her husband and children) It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such and odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do! I'll drink to his health for your sake and the day's – not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very much merry and very much happy, I have no doubt. To Mr. Scrooge.

Mrs. Fezziwig

The day husband that you hang your head in shame over any misdeed is the day judgement shall come. Don't talk to me of foolishness. Perhaps it was the same foolishness that caused you to follow me home from church services 17 Sundays in a row. My, my. How you pursued me. Until my father, bless his soul, threatened to call the constable if you did not leave me be. But, as you well know, I had many choices. (Teasingly) And most of them had a more pleasing countenance than you, sir. But my heart you won then, and it still holds true now.